

PLANESWALKERS

DARK DISCOVERIES

part I



WRITTEN BY JENNA HELLAND

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL LEE

LETTERING BY BOB JORDAN

ART DIRECTION BY JEREMY JARVIS

BASED ON CHARACTERS BY ALEKSI BRICLOT AND BRADY DOMMERMUTH



TELL ME WHERE YOU
STASHED THE CHEST, AND
I'LL LET YOU KEEP MOST
OF YOUR FINGERS.


I DON'T KNOW
ANYTHING!



TELL ME WHERE
THEY'RE KEEPING
KROVET, AND I'LL
LET YOU KEEP
YOUR LEGS.



I DON'T KNOW . . .



TELL ME
ABOUT THE
GOLDEN DOOR,
OR YOU'LL BE
HOLDING YOUR
OWN BRAIN . . .




. . . IN YOUR
FINGERLESS
HANDS.

ALL RIGHT!
I KNOW THAT
KROVET . . .



BOOM!





YOU WILL INFILTRATE THE
VEDALKEN CITY AND LIVE
AMONG THEM.



LOOK AGAIN.





A DANGEROUS FORCE HAS TAKEN
HOLD ON THE METAL PLANE . . .





THE KNOWER OF ALL THINGS
EXPECTS YOU TO GATHER
INFORMATION ABOUT PHYREXIA
AND ITS METHODS.



HE TRUSTS THAT
YOU WILL FIND A
WAY TO MAKE
YOURSELF IMMUNE
TO INFECTION BY
ITS PLAGUES.



NOT AGAIN.



HOW'S THE NEW
ARM, MASTER
TIDEHOLLOW?



WHAT HAPPENED?
RUN OUT OF IMPS?



I'M CONCERNED.
HAS YOUR NEWFOUND
FREEDOM AFFECTED
YOUR HEARING?



I'M NOT
BEHOLDEN TO
YOU, DRAGON.



I THINK YOU WILL FIND
THAT TO BE FALSE SOON
ENOUGH. NOW, LISTEN
CAREFULLY . . .



MIRRODIN, THE
QUICKSILVER SEA



BOLAS FEARS
SOMETHING HERE.
BUT I COULD RULE
THIS PLACE.



MY GUIDE ARRIVED, JUST
AS BOLAS SAID HE WOULD.

TEZZERET
THE SEEKER?



IT WAS THE LAST
TIME I WOULD HEAR
MY TRUE NAME FOR
A VERY LONG TIME.



PLANESWALKERS

DARK DISCOVERIES

part 2



WRITTEN BY DOUG BEYER

ILLUSTRATED BY ALEX HORLEY-ORLANDELLI AND LUCIO PARILLO

LETTERING BY BOB JORDAN

ART DIRECTION BY JEREMY JARVIS

BASED ON CHARACTERS BY VOLKAN BAGA, ERIC DESCHAMPS, JASON CHAN,
AND BRADY DOMMERMUTH



THE PLANESWALKER VENSER, DEEP WITHIN THE VAULT OF WHISPERS, FINDS HIMSELF SURROUNDED BY PHYREXIANS.

I WAS WRONG.



I GREW UP KNOWING HOW DEADLY PHYREXIA IS. AND STILL I UNDERESTIMATED THEM.

I THOUGHT PHYREXIA WAS A VILLAIN I COULD STAB IN THE HEART.



THAT WAS GIVING IT TOO MUCH CREDIT. IT'S A PANDEMIC, A PLAGUE SPREADING ACROSS THIS WORLD. HOW DO YOU DUEL A PLAGUE?



TPFF!



I KEEP LEAPING BLIND, AND IT'S ONLY TAKING ME DEEPER. I'M SINKING INTO A TRAP.



IT'S HIM.
OR . . . PHYREXIA'S
VISION OF HIM.

I DON'T UNDERSTAND.
COULD KARN BE HERE,
ON MIRRODIN?

HE VANISHED FROM
DOMINARIA YEARS AGO—
AFTER HE GAVE UP HIS
SPARK. IF HE SOMEHOW
ARRIVED HERE, THEN HE
MUST STILL BE HERE.



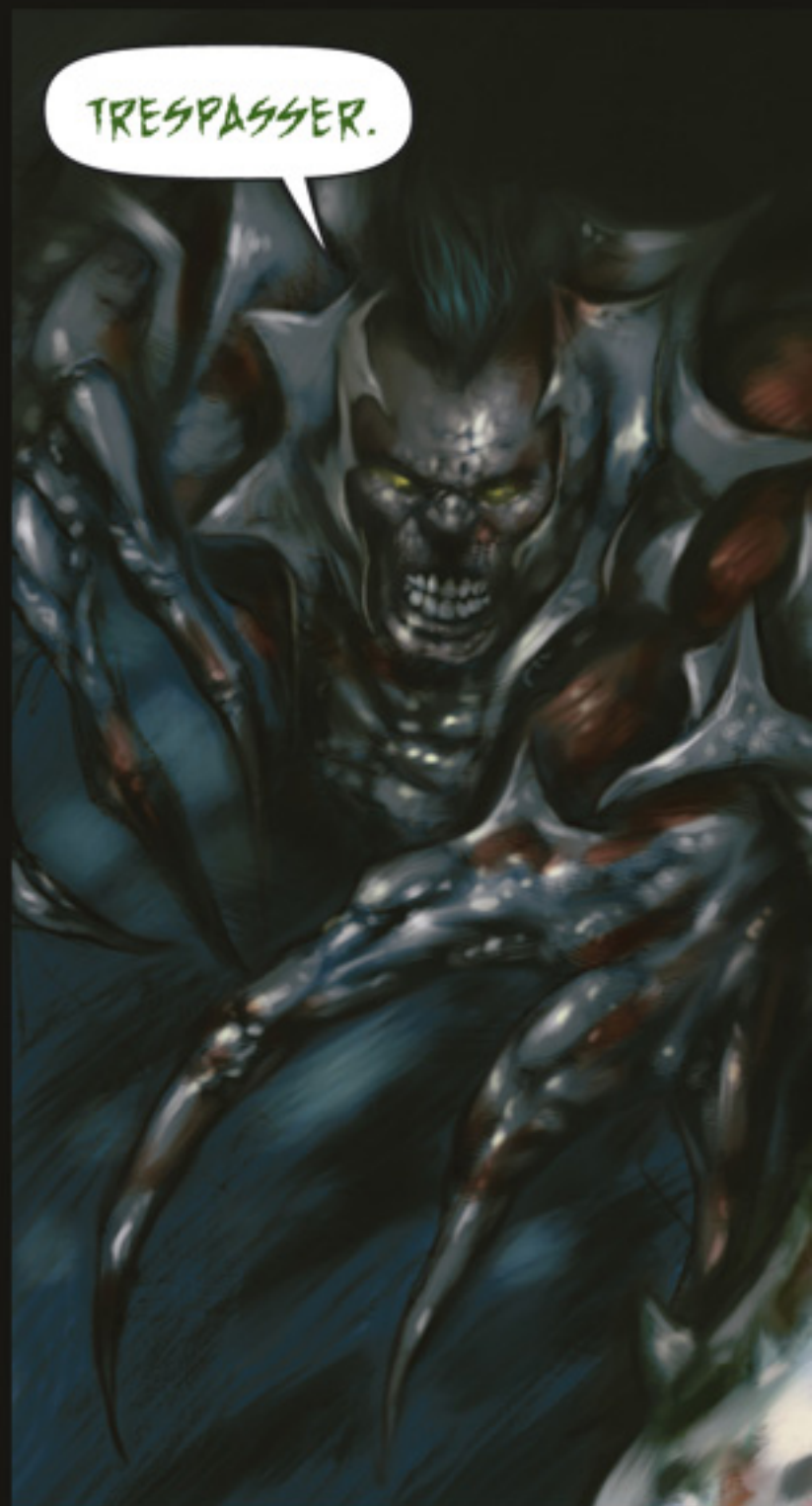
HOW COULD YOU BE
PART OF THIS EVIL,
KARN? WHY WOULD
THESE . . . CREATURES
REVERE YOU SO?



I'VE STRUGGLED WITH
THE SAME QUESTION
MYSELF . . .



TRESPASSER.





HOLD, MAGE. IF YOU
KNOW OF THIS KARN, I
WOULD SPEAK WITH YOU.

I'VE NOT KNOWN
PHYREXIAN TO
SPEAK AT ALL.

MANY DO, WHEN IT SUITS
THEM. BUT I AM NO MORE
PHYREXIAN THAN YOU ARE.

I ADMIT THAT I HAVE . . .
EMBRACED THE RISING REGIME.

NO? YOU ARE
OILY METAL AND
BARE TISSUE.

COLLABORATION IS THE
FIRST STEP TO COMMAND.
BUT I FEAR THAT MOMENTUM
FAVORS THIS METAL MAN.

THEY'RE GROOMING
HIM TO LEAD.

NO. KARN WOULD NEVER
BE PART OF THIS INSANITY.

FROM WHAT I
HAVE GATHERED,
YOUR FRIEND IS
NO EXEMPLAR OF
SANITY.

TELL ME.
WHAT DO
YOU KNOW
OF HIM?

NOTHING I
WOULD SHARE
WITH YOU.

AT MY COMMAND, ALL THE
NIM IN THIS PLACE WILL TEAR
YOU APART. DISPENSE WITH
THE BRAVADO.





I'M GLAD WE FOUND YOU. CAN YOU WALK? WE HAVE TO GO, NOW.



NO.



WHAT DO YOU MEAN, NO? WE HAVE TO *REGROUP*, AND FIND A WAY TO DESTROY PHYREXIA.

KARN, MY FORMER MENTOR, IS HERE. ON MIRRODIN. AND WE HAVE TO FIND HIM.



WHAT? KARN? NO.

THE VAULT OF WHISPERS IS INFESTED. THIS WHOLE PLANE IS *INFESTED*.

THERE'S NO WAY TO STOP WHAT WE CAME HERE TO STOP. NOT WITHOUT HIM.



DON'T BACK OUT ON US NOW. I SOUGHT YOU TO HELP US FIGHT.

NOW YOU'RE MAKING SENSE. WE KILL THIS KARN, WE STOP PHYREXIA.

PHYREXIA CAN'T BE *FOUGHT*. WE HAVE TO GET TO KARN. HE IS TO BE THEIR NEW *LEADER*.

YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND. WE MUST *SAVE* HIM.

LOOK, I'M SORRY ABOUT YOUR FRIEND KARN. NO ONE DESERVES TO FALL TO PHYREXIA. BUT WE CAN'T WASTE TIME RESCUING HIM WHEN THIS WHOLE PLANE COULD FALL.

YOUR FRIEND IS *LOST*. JUST LIKE MY BRETHREN. WHAT GOES OVER TO PHYREXIA DOESN'T COME BACK OUT AGAIN. YOU SHOULD KNOW THAT.

HOW DO YOU EVEN KNOW HE'S REALLY ON THIS PLANE? DID YOU *SEE* HIM IN THERE?

IF PHYREXIA WANTS THIS "KARN" AS THEIR LEADER, THE SAFEST THING WOULD JUST BE TO CUT HIM DOWN AND BE DONE WITH IT. IF WE EVEN *FIND* HIM.


YOU PROBABLY HAVE NO IDEA WHERE HE IS. DO YOU EVEN UNDERSTAND WHAT YOU'RE ASKING? FINDING *ONE* MAN. ON AN *ENTIRE* WORLD.

IF YOU'RE OUT, FINE. YOU'RE OUT. IF YOU DON'T WANT TO ATTACK PHYREXIA WITH US, THEN I QUESTION YOUR COMMITMENT ANYWAY.

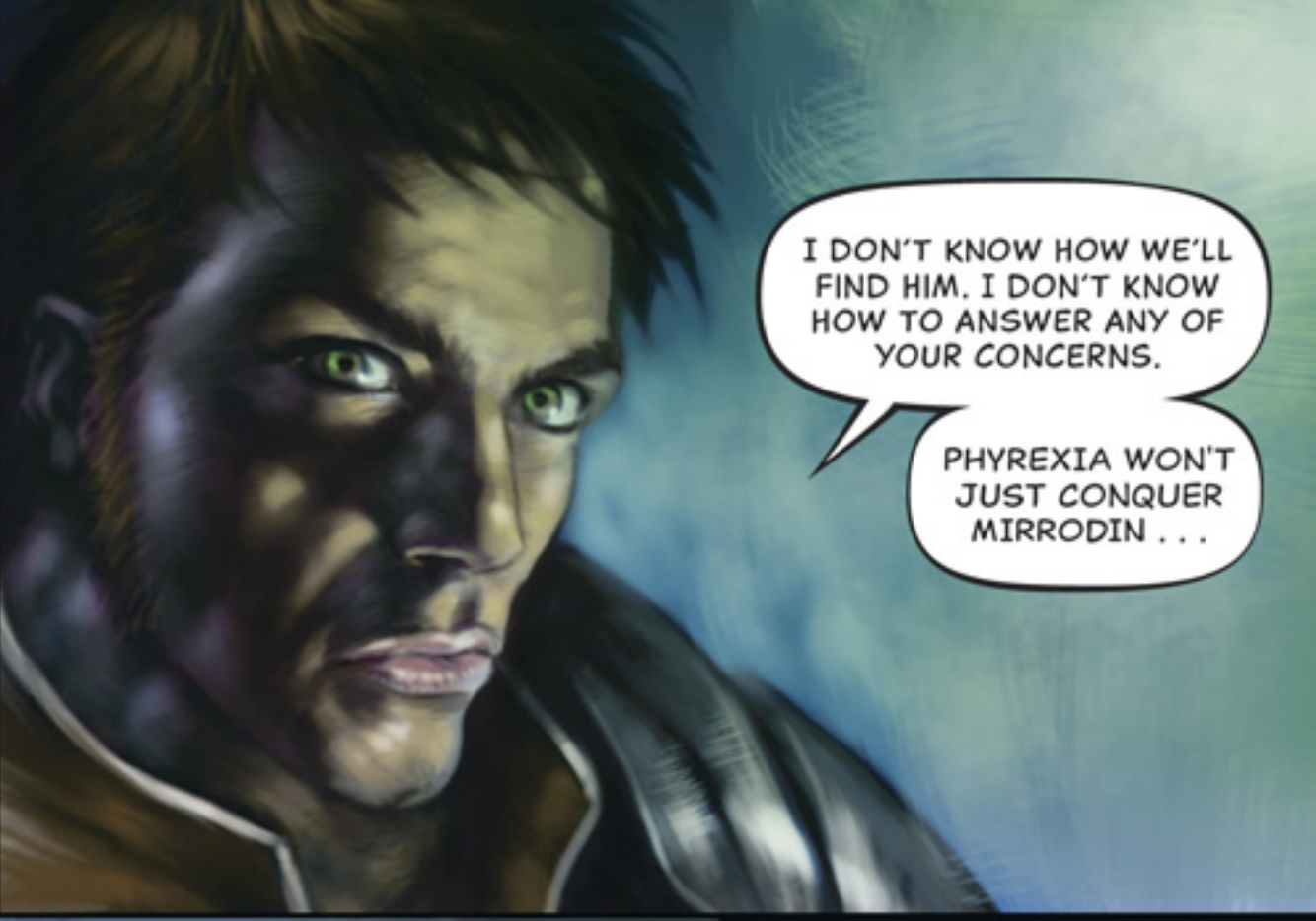
PEOPLE ARE *DYING*, VENSER. EVERY MOMENT WE DON'T *KILL* PHYREXIANS, WE'RE LETTING INNOCENT BEINGS *DIE*.

THIS IS MY HOME. MY PEOPLE. MY *WORLD*. WE CAN'T FAVOR ONE *PERSON* OVER THE ENTIRE POPULATION OF THE WORLD.






I ONLY KNOW IT'S
WHAT MUST HAPPEN.
AND SOON.




I DON'T KNOW HOW WE'LL
FIND HIM. I DON'T KNOW
HOW TO ANSWER ANY OF
YOUR CONCERNS.

PHYREXIA WON'T
JUST CONQUER
MIRRODIN . . .



IT'LL SPREAD
THROUGHOUT THE
MULTIVERSE.



"AND NOT JUST KARN, BUT
ALL OF US WILL BECOME
PART OF WHAT WE CAME
HERE TO DESTROY."

PLANESWALKERS

DARK DISCOVERIES

part 3




WRITTEN BY DOUG BEYER ILLUSTRATED BY IZZY

LETTERING BY BOB JORDAN

ART DIRECTION BY JEREMY JARVIS


BASED ON CHARACTERS BY ALEKSI BRICLOT, BRADY DOMMERMUTH, ANTHONY FRANCISCO, MARK TEDIN,
AND RICHARD WHITTERS



TEZZERET THE SEEKER?
LORD BOLAS SENDS HIS
SALUTATIONS. MAY I TAKE
YOUR HAND PLEASE?

WHAT'S MY TASK
HERE, MINION? WHERE
AM I HEADED?

I DESERVE TO BE *MASTER* OF A
PLANE LIKE THIS. BUT HERE I AM,
PLAYING THE FAITHFUL SERVANT.



YOU ARE TO TRAVEL
DOWN THROUGH THE
LACUNA BENEATH OUR
KNOWLEDGE POOL.

HEY!

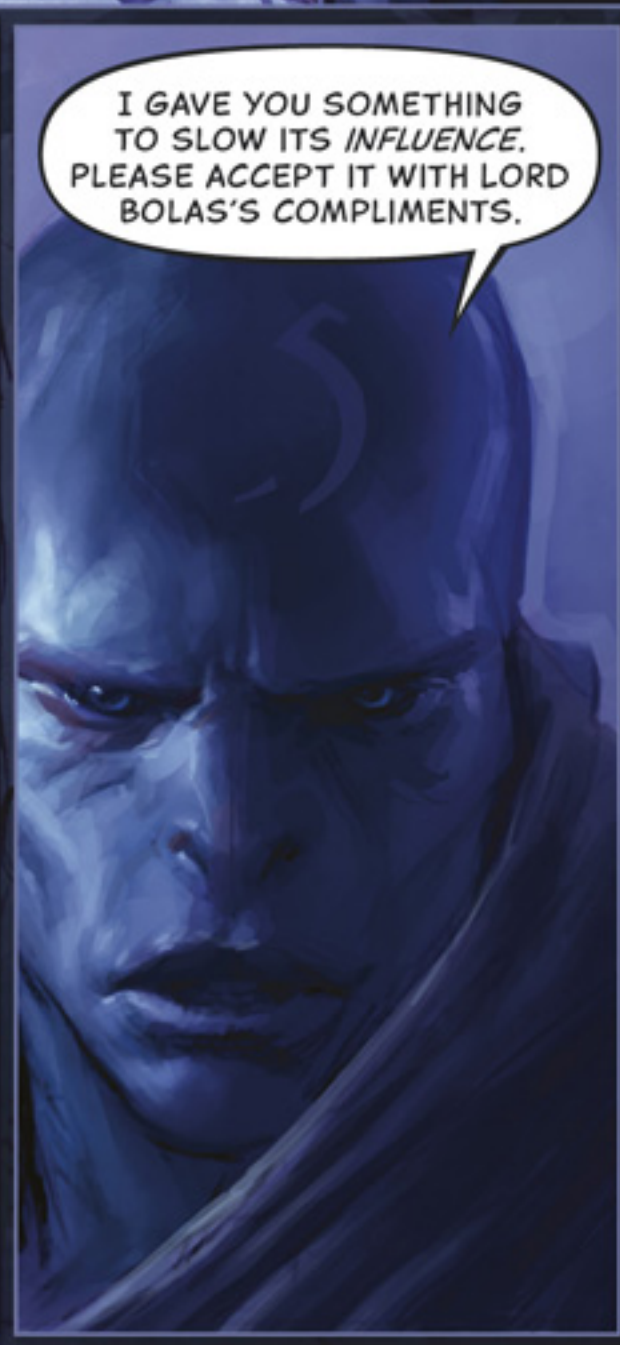
SKT-TSS




HOW
DARE
YOU?

YOUR GOAL IS
SURVEILLANCE
OF THE PLANAR
CORE.

YOUR ORGANIC
FLESH—WHAT
THERE IS OF
IT—MAY BECOME
AFFECTED BY
YOUR TRAVELS
THERE.



I GAVE YOU SOMETHING
TO SLOW ITS *INFLUENCE*.
PLEASE ACCEPT IT WITH LORD
BOLAS'S COMPLIMENTS.



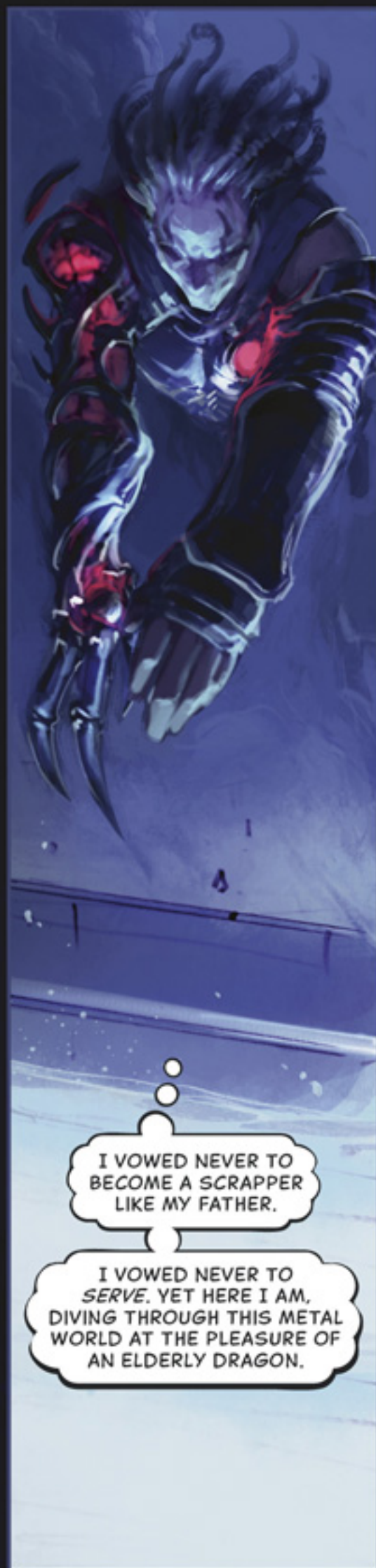
ENOUGH. ALL I
NEED FROM YOU
ARE THE DETAILS
OF MY MISSION.

AND I DO NOT
WISH TO HEAR
THAT NAME AGAIN.



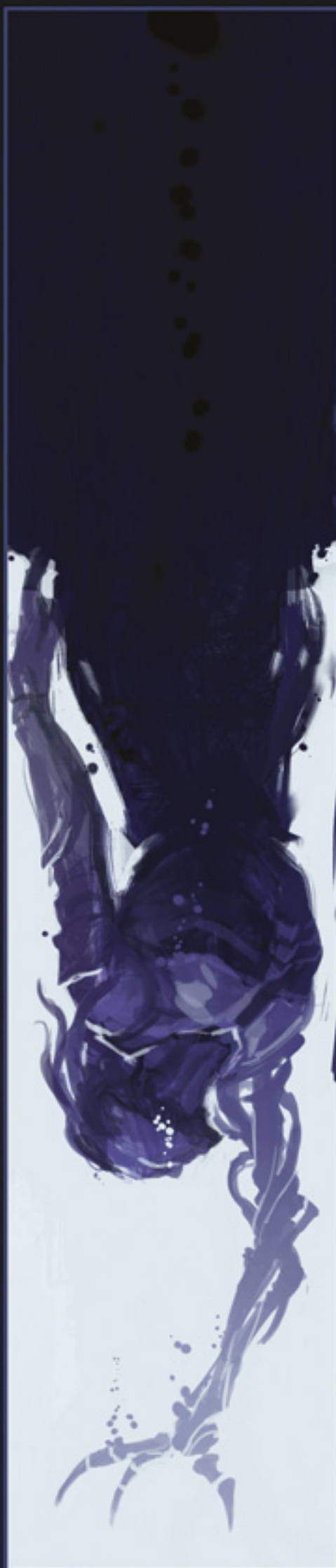
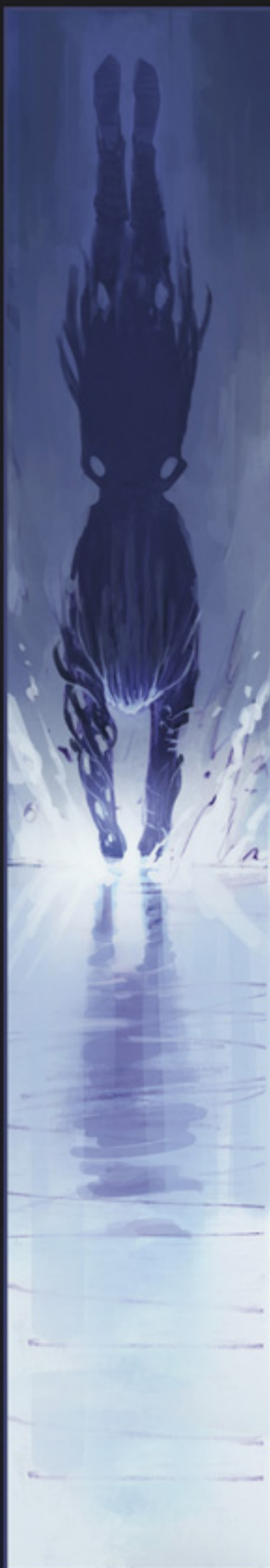
I'M TREATED THIS WAY BY A
VEDALKEN *PEON*, OR BY ONE
OF BOLAS'S MIRAGES.

THIS IS THE
PRICE I PAY FOR
BEING SPARED.



I VOWED NEVER TO
BECOME A SCRAPPER
LIKE MY FATHER.

I VOWED NEVER TO
SERVE. YET HERE I AM,
DIVING THROUGH THIS METAL
WORLD AT THE PLEASURE OF
AN ELDERLY DRAGON.

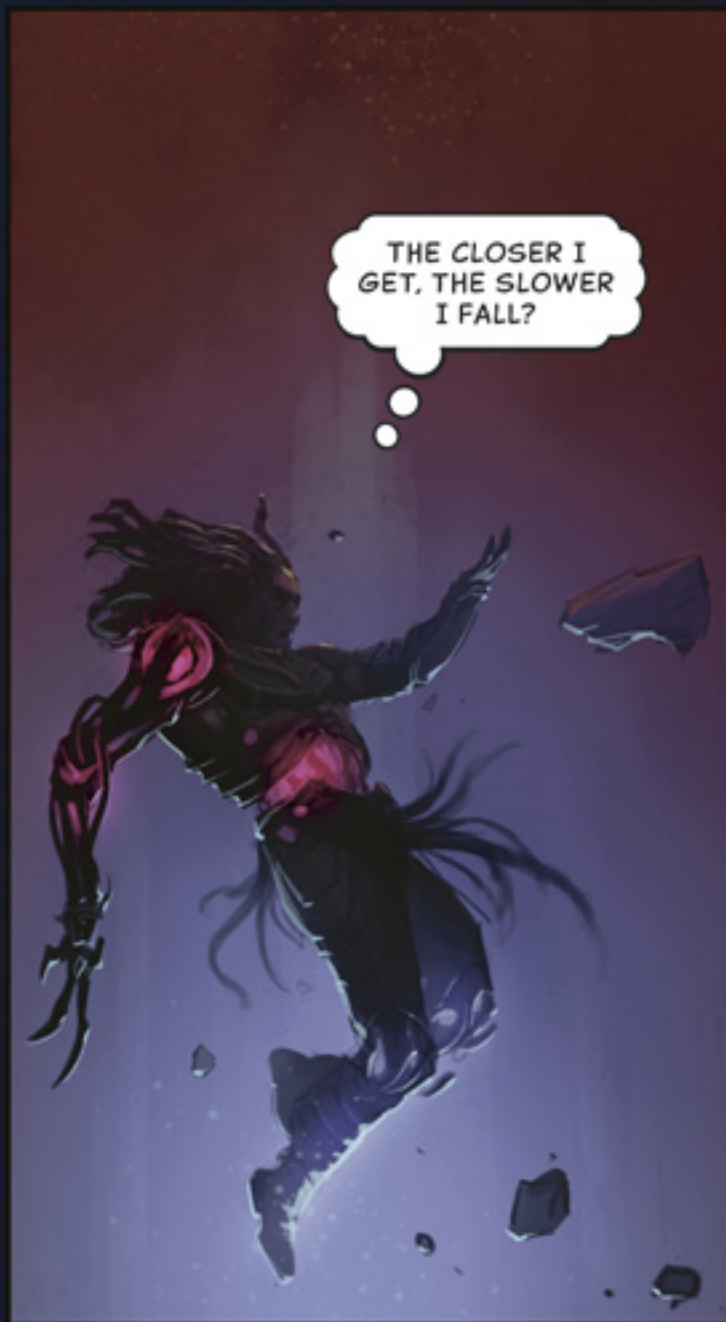


WHAT BARGAIN
HAVE I STRUCK?

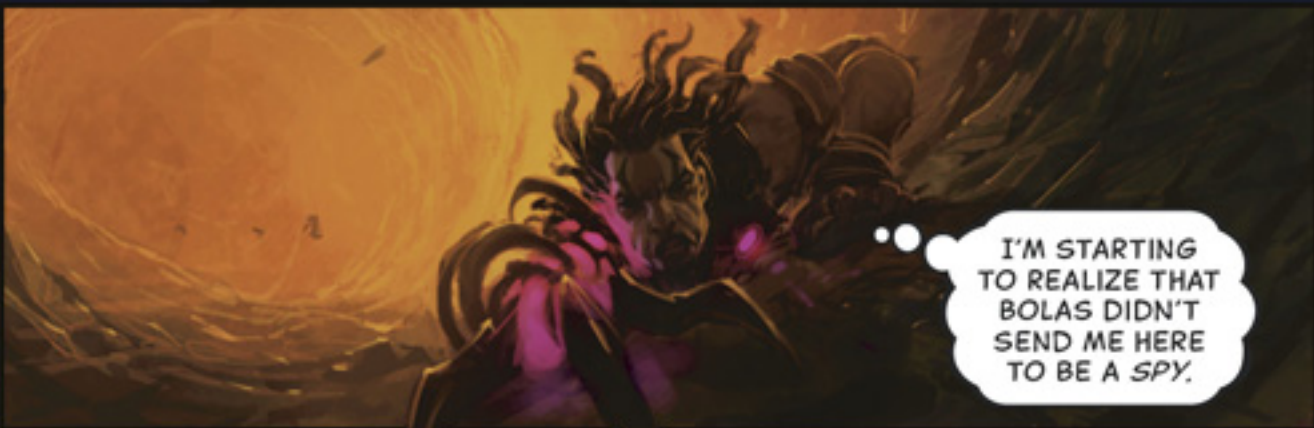
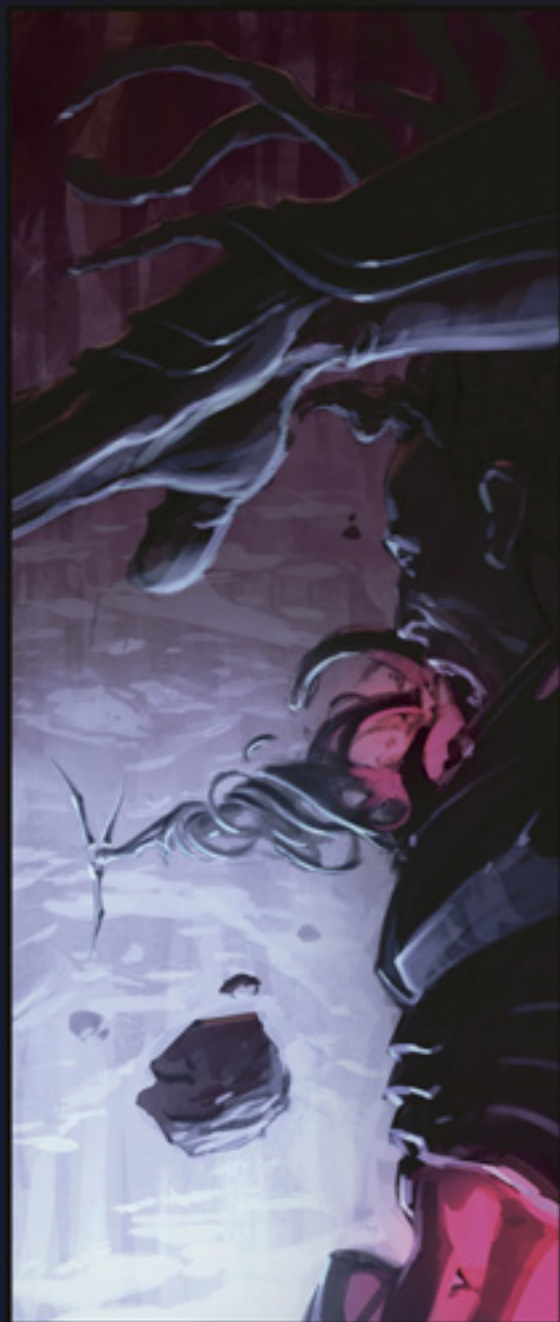


LAYERS WITHIN
LAYERS . . . THERE
ARE ENTIRE *WORLDS*
DOWN HERE.

I HEAR ECHOES. VOICES
FROM THE DEPTHS.
SCRAPING MACHINERY.
FURNACES. SHRIEKS.



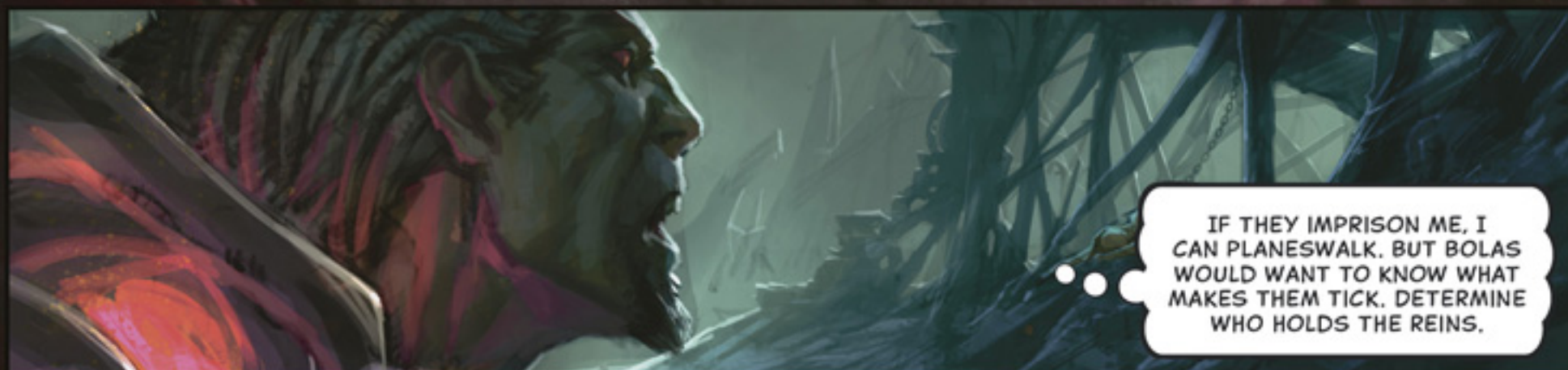
THE CLOSER I
GET, THE SLOWER
I FALL?

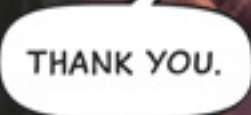
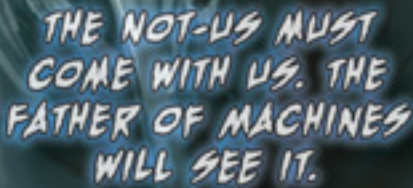
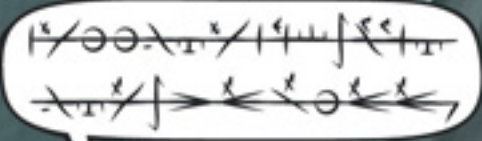
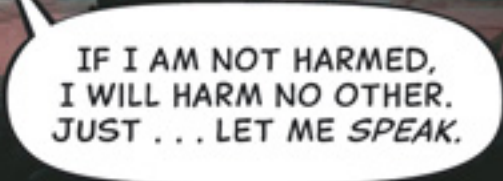


I'M STARTING
TO REALIZE THAT
BOLAS DIDN'T
SEND ME HERE
TO BE A *SPY*.



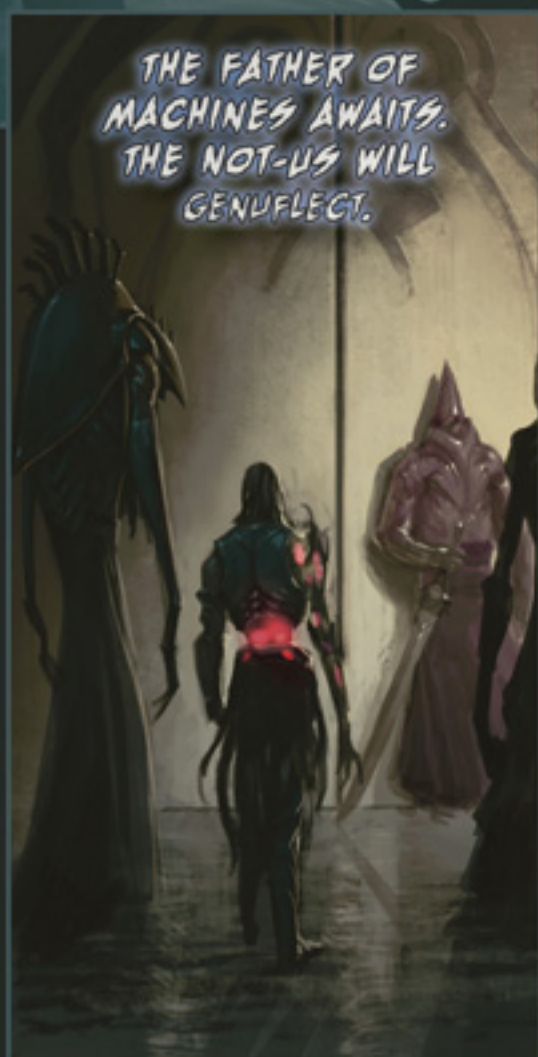
I'M BAIT.





IF IT CHANNELS MANA
AGAIN, I SHALL VIVISECT IT
PERSONALLY AND FEED ITS
TISSUES TO MY LARVAE.







PLAY THE
FAITHFUL
SERVANT.

